VOL. 1 Chicago, Illinois, July, 1924 NO. 4

The Liberal

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday

Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play,

Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,

Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees;

The foolish fears of what might happen,
I cast them all away,

Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,

Among the hushing of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,

Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

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The Peoples Church

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DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

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"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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"We must have a faith that is wholesome enough and large enough to keep us from being afraid of our own thought."

—Samuel M. Crothers.

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

VOL. 1 Chicago, Illinois, July, 1924 NO. 4

THE FOUNDER OF THE FRIENDS

Within the next few months will occur the anniversaries of two important events in the development of liberalism. The modern liberal cannot afford to let these significant occasions pass without a hearty recognition. His own intellectual and spiritual being would immeasurably become impoverished if he neglects this opportunity. In the contemplation of their meaning he will discover added encouragement and corroboration for his own viewpoint. He will find in the re-discovery of these events his kinsmen and spiritual comrades. Nothing is more inspiring to the lonely traveller on unfamiliar trails than evidences that others have preceeded him on the journey, sharing similar adventures and meeting unflinchingly the same dangers. From these he receives a renewal of spirit and a rebirth of perserverance. The intellectually perplexed and spiritually disturbed individual is assured of benefit by carefully studying the historical and philosophical background of the events these anniversaries celebrate.

The first event is the tercentenary anniversary of the birth of George Fox. With the passing of the month of July, 1924, three hundred years will have taken their places in history since the birth of George Fox. Two hundred and fifty of these years are impressed with the ineradicable influence of Fox. Surely the dictates of reason would compel recognition of such a personality. The other event, which will be celebrated all over the world by religious liberals next June, marks the one hundreth anniversary of the beginning of the liberal religious movement in America, known as Unitarianism. The most familiar names in the last century of religion, art, government, economics, literature and statesmanship will be found in the Unitarian fold. Unitarianism to the uninformed is but the name of another sect or creed. Nothing is more remote from the truth. Quite the contrary it is not a creed, nor a sect by the way. To be even more analytical it is more an attitude than anything else. An attitude toward life and religion which is best defined by the word—free.

This revolutionary attitude toward the religious condition of his day was the distinguishing characteristic of George Fox. The use of the word "revolutionary" in conjunction with Fox will present a paradox to all who know the peaceful and quiet spirit of the Friends or perhaps better known as "Quakers." Yet when one reads the life of Fox and particularly the pages of his Journal the word "revolutionary" must stand as best descriptive of his influence. He, like almost every other great religious awakener, was of lowly origin. His father was a humble Leicestershire weaver in England. His economic status was such that his little boy could only attend school long enough to learn how to read and write. The young man was apprenticed to his trade but later abandoned it as the impulse to preach and lead took possession of his soul. From the beginning he was antagonistic to the machinery of ecclesiasticism and the meaningless idle mumbling of dead creeds. So vehement did his renunciations become that he was imprisoned again and again for his attitude against the decadent conventionalists of that time. His reception on the part of the "christians" (?) of his day is best described by his own words which I quote from his Journal:

"The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his (the Judge's) face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me and put me out of the town." Of course, George Fox, what else could you expect? The complacent, smug, individuals who were satisfied with their useless traditions and dead theology would treat you like that. They were merely running true to form. Ask Jesus of Nazareth what they did to him for daring to stand in their sacred synagogue and preach about a "way of life." Yes, George Fox, stones, jails, abuse, slander, condemnations, lies—these have ever been the instruments of those who see their toy theories and infantile theological playhouses shattered and demolished by unanswerable argument and incontrovertible fact. They are the only weapons they understand and the paramount tragedy is that they use them, "In the Name of Jesus." The reception which George Fox received in his early ministry did not deter his activities or dampen his ardor. Persistently he toiled on. The adherents which gradually Fox won to his cause organized into groups for the preservation and promulgation of his ideas. They developed into a potent spiritual influence over the British Isles. With the passing of the years the sublimity and beauty of his religious philosophy have penetrated into every corner of the world, reaching perhaps its highest esteem in the reception the Friends' War Relief Service has had in a torn and chaotic world. From this time on the word "Friends" will awaken vibrant memories in the hearts of thousands of the victims of war's madness. All classes, creeds, colors and nations unite in one great unity of appreciation of the relief work of these "Friends."

George Fox travelled to America and founded Friend's Meetings in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Maryland, Indiana and other states. The name "Quaker" was first applied to the group as an epithet of derision. It was suggested by some unkindly critic because of the trembling on the part of those who felt called upon to "speak in meeting."

The Rev. Cloyd Hampton Valentine, birthright Friend and liberal minister, stated in a recent article published by the Christian Register the essential theological position of Fox. When I read his statement of the contribution George Fox made to religious thought I was amazed that such an attitude would come from a mind in the century in which he lived. Many of our modern thinkers have a long way to travel to overtake George Fox who lived so long ago but who thought so far ahead. Mr. Valentine, says in his article, "George Fox believed in the reality of God and advocated communion with that power. He is especially to be distinguished because of his belief that the conscience of man should be free.

He regarded death as a mere incident in the individuals undying career. The central teaching of George Fox was "righteousness," the term including the various particular virtues of love, service, humility and all the rest." A religion of simplicity, light and love! No quibbling about rites, ceremonies, ordinances, or finely spun theories concerning predestination, foreordination, transubstantiation, no bickerings about the "second blessing" or the "second coming." It was enough for George Fox that Jesus came the first time. In the minds of many pseudo-theologians of the present day the pragmatic and definite words of Jesus while on earth are too ambiguous to penetrate their consciousness so they assume the much easier way of speculating about what he will do and say in the problematical second appearance. The best preparation for his "second coming" is to seriously accept the mission for which he originally came. George Fox

realized this and because of it his gracious kindly influence has been of more value to the cause of his Master than those who substitute theory and conjecture for fact and experience.

It was a source of inspiration to me that nearly all of the religious periodicals, both of America and England, had room for so much concerning Fox in their July numbers. With him for a theme the pettiness of their respective theological positions was subordinated to the grandeur and nobility of his life and influence. The erosive tendency of passing time has no influence on such a life. The years only polish into ever increasing brilliancy the true metal. George Fox took Jesus seriously. Religion to him was a way, a truth and a life. The emoluments of a flattering transitory world were no bribe to his spirit. He had an eternal theme—he lived an immortal life. Death was incidental. His soul triumphantly goes treading down the years and nearly three hundred years after the physical contact was broken, that soul is the inspiration and joy to every heart whose burdens are heavy but whose face is always turned toward the new day. We salute thee, George Fox—leader, prophet—martyr—Friend.

"ARDEN"

The Island is called "Black Duck Island," ("Gah-Gah-Ge-Sheb") so named by the Indians of this locality, and that it remains as a point of location on the lake map, but our home—I may say the very nature and atmosphere of the place, is "Arden." We have never held the least doubt but that it was rightly named—this place that seems to us a very near suburb to heaven. The enchanted "Forest of Arden" of Shakespearean lore I am sure held no greater lure or satisfying beauty for the heart-weary, soul-tired, city-tired folks than this little spot we call our own means to us. The tall cedars, giant pine and graceful white birch hold a grandeur and a message that only the ages impart. The ground is soft and "cushiony" with layer upon layer of bark and needles of pine, balsam and cedar which have dropped for no one knows how many years; there is no sound of treading feet as one walks, it is as hushed as thick velvet carpet; and when wet after a rain or in bright afternoon sunshine the ground is the richest copper color, and smells as sweet as a jar of incense. There are many varieties of birds here at Arden, they sing from dawn until dark, and it is a never ending source of pleasure to watch and study them. There are many dear little song-sparrows who sing like a canary, caroling good cheer when we awake in the morning and trilling "All's well" during the fiercest storm, the heavier the downfall of rain the more sprightly the song, sparkling with extra trills and arpeggios. The little chipmunks are of no less interest than the birds, they follow us around like any tame pet, eat peanuts from our hands or go into our pockets after them. One of the great fascinations of living on an island is being surrounded by water—every direction one looks there is water—now sparkling and rippling in sunshine or moonlight, or placid and mirror-like, holding reflections from afar, seemingly bringing distant shore lines very near, then with changing breeze dashing the waves high and trimming them with white caps.

The island is bound by rocks, some huge bowlders piled one upon another, some great flat rocks that one likes to climb out and sit upon, rocks and stones rough and smooth, some so large as to form a high bluff, others in low places running out into the water in a point; no hand of man could pile or arrange a rock bound coast successfully, or to be so picturesque one would not like to change a single stone,—no —only the Master Mason who built this beautiful world for us can do that! All day long and all through the night the waves roll in to sing to the rocks, kissing them gently, crooning a drowsy lullaby or playing

a game with the wind and storm dashing them with white foam and spray,—but always singing something endless and not quite intelligible, but wonderfully good and witty and wise.

On a little hill above the tangle of trees where it can overhear all that the waves are saying, and where every breeze that wanders in from the lake can find it, stands the house—a simple rambling brown stained house with white trimming harmonizing in color and seeming a very part of the huge trunks of dark pine trees and white birches. And if there be a single ray of sunshine in a leaden day that ray will slant downward upon this house, peeping in at a window some place, glorifying even a plain room, filling it with golden light or rosy glow. There are more windows than wall space—great casement windows that swing in letting in plenty of the fresh sweet air, aromatic with the breath of balsam and pine, flowering bush and wild rose; from every window the lake can be seen through a lace-work of branches, or open spaces affording a broader view. In this sheltered nook the storms of the outer world are not forgotten, but they seem very far away and unreal; this is a place for quiet thoughts,—for beauty and laughter—for pure enjoyment, as one enjoys simple things in childhood, a place to get acquainted with oneself and pluck out the city-grown weeds of worry and care and all the petty things that choke the soul growth, and make room for God to sow a few seeds that grow and bloom best in quiet places. Here our days are pretty well balanced with work and play, shifted according to mood; if fishing is good today we play today and work tomorrow and vice versa; sometimes we board our boat and start up the lake with no special point in view, (57 miles long is Lake Vermilion, with 365 islands and 1000 miles of shore line, gives one a chance to travel and never grows monotonous) and after we have travelled miles and miles, seeing wild ducks, old mother ducks, with anywhere from ten to twenty-four youngsters in her brood paddling around quiet bays lining up like small regiments and fairly scampering over the water at sound of our boat, blue heron with their stork-like legs and long bills flying low over the water, eagles screeching high over forest trees, large sea-gulls soaring in the air, their white wings looking like sail boats against the blue sky; and not infrequently we surprise a deer which has come through the woods to the water's edge to drink. When we tire of cruising or feel hungry we land and make a camp fire, and then—do you know the appetitizing aroma of coffee boiling and bacon frying crisp over a camp fire? If you do not no words are coined that can tell you! Rainy or chilly days we pile logs in the huge fire place in the living room, and while they crackle and blaze we read and write and work.

The house faces west as every country house should, where the sunset may be seen from the porch. For keener enjoyment we more often go to the edge of high rocks which rise cragged from the water and their we sit silently drinking in the glory and marvelous beauty of the ceremonial with which Nature closes the day. Long into the evening the after-glow tints the sky, the twilight comes on slowly. At Arden the sky seems more vast—bluer by day, more brilliant by night with myriad stars; one does not try to explain such things, he observes them and is thankful.

The trees, the birds, the waves, singing, chanting, gurgling by day and by night bring their message to one I know who breathes it in with every breath he draws, and when he goes back to that world far removed from the shores of Arden he will give to the people who are attuned to understand, the message which has been whispered to him.

—G. T. B.

"RELIGION IN KIWANIS"

In some of our recent fiction will be found occasional characterizations of our business men which are far from complimentary. Certain writers take apparent delight in casting a cynical portrayal of their manners and culture. Much has been made of their provincialism and local traits. Mr. Sinclair Lewis in "Babbitt" made a photograph of a type which has been accepted as so universally true that a new word "babbitism" has annexed itself to the vernacular. The type of business and professional man who unites with lodges, Rotary, Lions, Exchange, Optimist or Kiwanis Clubs is looked upon by certain writers as a distinct American type and has been treated in fiction with decidly unfavorable portrayal. It is quite true that there are splendid men in the business and professional world who are unable because of temperamental equipments from entering into the spirit of our present day luncheon and business Clubs. The free and unrestained familiarity existing in the meetings, the doing of "stunts," the singing of meaningless "songs," the necessity of "speech-making" or being a "soloist" when a prize is won or an honor conferred, the calling of comparative strangers by their "first" names, all of these are personally obnoxious to many a man who by nature cannot enter into the spirit of them. Pure reticence is the reason for most of the revulsion. It is a difficult task for a serious, reserved, dignified, physician, clergyman, doctor, merchant or banker to stand up and sing before a group of men "I'm a little prairie flower, growing wilder ever hour." Yet it may be good discipline for him to do so. Nevertheless if the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs were only opportunities for the play-time at lunch time they would hardly warrant increase or support. Every well informed man knows that back of all the levity and good-fellowship is a serious and definite reason for existence.

One of the most pleasant contacts which I have ever had in my work in Chicago was my membership in the North Shore Kiwanis Club. I regret exceedingly that my work took me so frequently from the city that I could not meet the exacting requirements of attendance and was compelled to forfeit my membership. To retain Kiwanis membership it is imperative that one attend a certain number of meetings a month. This I was physically unable to do. But I am a better preacher, a better citizen and a better man because of my Kiwanis membership. I shall always have in my heart a feeling of warmth and gratitude for North Shore Kiwanis. The names on the membership roll of the Kiwanis Club are names identified with every constructive movement in the civic and educational life of our city. The same is true of the Lions, the exchange and Rotary. It was the initiative of the North Shore Club that saved the Sheridan Park Branch of the Public Library when lack of funds necessitated curtailment of branch libraries. The club has been foremost in advocating a betterment of conditions in every department of the community life. The programs which have largely consisted of speakers who were authorities in the subjects they discussed have awakened in the members a sense of civic pride that has percolated into the entire life of Uptown Chicago.

The inspiration for this editorial came to me in recent information of what I consider to be a manifestation of religion in its highest expression.

I am writing this on my little Black Duck Island six hundred miles north of Chicago in Northern Minnesota only a few miles from the Southern boundary of the Superior National Forest . I am twelve miles by water from the nearest railroad, postoffice and telegraph station. My study is a small cabin, with a stone fireplace which over looks the waters of lovely Lake Vermilion. The lake is fifty seven

miles long and has over three hundred islands, on one of these Islands, called by the Indians here, gah-gah-ge-sheb, I spend my summers. There are twenty-seven towering White Pine trees on the Islands. Birches, balsaams, spruce and cedar grow in a tangled wildwood of beauty. The mail-boat, maintained by the U. S. Government, has just brought me my Chicago mail, this is always an event for us here at Arden—Sometimes its coming means dissapointment, sometimes joy but life is like that, too. On opening a North Side paper my eye caught the head-line,—"North Side Sick children to get Pure Milk Free". Here in this paradise of peace and rest the tragedies of the far away world seem almost unreal, only one thought ever mars the tranquility of my sojourn in this north-country. Sometimes, the exquisite panorama of a sunset, the majesty of the dawn, the lonely cry of a loon, the melting beauty of a moonlight night, will suddenly project my thoughts across the miles to the tumult and turmoil of the city. Then its sorrows, sufferings, failures, crowd in upon me and shut out the beauty of the out-of-doors. I think about the unfortunate, the shut-in, the sick and the city-tired souls and wish with all my heart that they could only be here for awhile. What a different perspective they would get and how healing would be the touch of nature. I think about the little children who rarely ever see a blade of grass except it has a sign on it which reads "Please Keep Off." Then along comes ever-ready, ever-thoughtful, ever-considerate Kiwanis and I am cheered into this utterance. Think of it, "pure milk for sick and under nourished babies." Lakeview, Ravenswood, Albany Park, Rogers Park and North Shore Kiwanis Clubs under the leadership of Capt. Clyde I. Backus, are going to do this worthy thing. Characteristic of the magnanimity of his spirit Manager Dewey of the Edgewater Beach made possible thru the W. E. B. station the broadcasting of the plea to all the Continent. I have captioned this Editorial "The Religion of Kiwanis." Some of my ministerial brethern and conservative religionists may not like the heading. Whether they do or not matters little to me. The finest spirit this world ever knew once defined religion as "giving a cup of cold water," and gave us his love of little children in that classic utterance, "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." It is true religion, gentlemen of Kiwanis, that you are expressing in your interest toward the children of our great city: a religion more vital than the recital of creeds or intellectual speculations over debatable doctrines: a religion that honors the Master of all and the supreme friend of little children. "Service" was his creed and "helping others," was his gospel. I salute you as His co-workers in the coming of the Kingdom".

BOOK-CHATS

Vacation time is usually a period of two distinct attitudes as regards books, one individual thinks of it as a period for the complete abandonment of all serious reading, while another will utilize it as an opportunity of "catching up" with deferred reading. Personally I rather incline to the latter position. Notwithstanding the fact that I read from two to four books a week during the winter I frequently put aside in my study books that I plan to take with me to Arden and read during the summer. Sometimes they are brought back again to the city unread. The first days of my vacation are usually spent entirely out-of-doors with little consideration of the weather conditions. By night fall the witchery of the open places has so taken possession of body and spirit that evening time means a physical weariness which only sleep can assuage. As the season lengthens I become somewhat more considerate of the weather and a rainy day finds me by the open

fire reading some neglected book. I am not one who thinks of vacation time as an opportunity for "light reading". Perhaps this is entirely a matter of acquired taste, but I find that I haven't time, either on a vacation or at work to rob myself of precious moments by reading that sort of printed matter which offers no other attraction than being known as "light". Anything in literature which my judgment confirms as being worthy of consideration can never be called "light", whether it is a novel, a play or a poem. To me there simply isn't anything commonly called "light reading" which is worth while. I have frequently found that the physical benefit of rest during a vacation has such an influence on my mental life that many a so-called "heavy volume" has had a better reception than if I had tried to digest it in the busy days of the winter. Here at Arden I am doing some of the most difficult reading of the entire year. I feel more highly equipped to read intelligently and understandingly. The reaction of having definitely understood anothers viewpoint, or of watching the development of the portrayal of character in some estimable novel is as satisfactory to me as merely reading a book that when I have finished the last chapter leaves me with only the passing of time as my reward. An inferior book, is never worthy of attention. Reading to me is sheer delight and in my choice of books only those that can be read with unreserved joy ever steal my hours. Every philosophical truth, dramatic episode, or poetic emotion may be expressed with such lucidity of expression and pure literary technique that the reading of them will be always a vacation mood. During July I have read Rose Macauleys' "Told by an Idiot." Marks' "The Plastic Age," Arnold Bennetts' "Riceyman Steps", Swinnertons "Young Felix," and in the more serious field Ludwig Lewisohn's "Essays in Constructive Criticism", Lynn Harold Houghs "Synthetic Christianity", Felix Adler's "The Reconstruction of the Spiritual Ideal" and Bowran's "Christianity and Culture." Besides doing this amount of reading I have found time to gather rocks and stones around the shores which I used in building a fire-place in my little study, catch one twenty pound Great Northern Pike, and one that weighed twenty-two pounds, while I have lost all track of the wall-eyed Pike that took a fancy to my lure. Besides this I have delivered seven addresses since my vacation began. Loving as I do the out-of-doors with its every caprice of weather, worshipping at the shrine of the cathedral of nature, still I can honestly write that I would give it all up if retaining them cost me the loss of Books. Milton said, 'that a good Book is the precious life blood of a Master Spirit" and Milton was right, when you go on your vacation take along a good book. Don't be deceived into reading any book because some charming friend said "its light reading, you know, just meant for vacation time." Your vacation, no matter its length, is too short to waste with such a book.

"THE REVOLT OF YOUTH"

A Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. Bradley, June 8th

For many years I have made the occasion of my closing address an opportunity of speaking primarily to the graduating classes of our Chicago educational institutions. At this service every year there have attended members of the classes from various schools, Colleges and Universities.

I have done this because this happens to be the time when the thought of the people is largely centered upon our youths, and at a time of the year when thousands and thousands of youths are within the next two days to be graduated from our various educational institutions. I have had this past week in four different States to

speak directly to the graduating classes of some colleges and of some High Schools. I want to take the opportunity of recognizing them in our own Church, and particularly certain of our own young people who are members of our graduating classes this year. I thought that I might be able to say something to them in the relationship which I bear to them as their Pastor, that would have more of the beauty of intimacy, more of the spirit of understanding more sympathetically than I would if I were not their pastor.

I think, if I were to take a text this morning, I would take the first sentence of the preamble of the ordinance of 1787, the ordinance by which the territory in which we now live was ultimately brought into State-hood. The first sentence of that ordinance is this:—and remember it was written in 1787. "Religion, morality and Knowledge being necessary for good government, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

There are those who maintain that we are so closely a part of the great problems of our contemporary life that it is quite impossible for us to cultivate sufficient perspective that enables our opinions or our judgments to be worth very much. In other words, that the problems of our contemporary life are so unceasingly and everlastingly pressing against us that unless we are very careful we lose that sense of perspective which gives us that fine distinction of opinion and that judgment about matters that are worth while.

People in the frenzy of emotional reaction usually manifest a distortion of judgment about any problem. When the emotions run riot and are unregulated and our opinions are the result of these reactions they are usually of very little value. It is comparatively easy to get an opinion, to formulate an opinion, when we are a part of this great problem of the contemporary.

So today I want to try to see if it would not be possible for us not to express opinions about our youth and education that might be engendered by the emotional reactions of this hour, but if we might not say very deeply and very fundamentally certain primary things, and from these primary things get our anchorage. I think the youth of today are more in need of anchoring than anything else. The contemporary moral storm, is not peculiar to any race or any color, but is a universal condition; just as true in Germany, England, France, Russia as it is true in America. The waters have been stirred. Youth is at the cross-road.

Education of youth must either be the curse or the salvation. We are today in a precarious situation. So it behooves us to look carefully and to look sanely at certain things and then see if we cannot build an anchor that way down beneath the surface of the troubled waters of the present that anchorage will grip the bed-rock of Honor and of Loyalty and of Love, so that no matter how the surface may be disturbed and the waters torn by tempests our Ship of Life will ride out the storm; we may have a few battered decks; there may be a few broken things about us, but our Ship of Life will stand firm, every timber in place, everything about it honest and firm and solid.

That is what we hope for our youth, all of us. I think that in the supreme hope of maturity as it looks to youth. No one wishes youth to sin, to be led astray, to fail, to commit crime. Crime is always awful, but doesn't it always seem a little more awful when the criminal is a youth? We don't look toward youth with any degree of disparagement or antagonism or attack, the attitude of maturity toward youth is the attitude of hope and triumph. We want to see our young people walk the ladder that leads to the highest pinnacle in life that they can occupy, and we are proud when they do. I think that is the general attitude of folks toward youth. Oh, once in a while we meet somebody who is condemnatory; every little while we meet somebody who will say: "Oh, the young people aren't what they were

when I was young." And the only difference is that he or she, as the case might be, have simply forgotten when they were young. It is not a difference of quality of human nature at all; it is not a difference in gradation of opportunity. The youth of this country today and of this city have nothing from me but my deepest sympathy and loyalty, for when I see the psychological reactions that are sweeping the country due to an abandonment of our attitude against things that are wrong, the only thing that matters with me, as I see it, in the problems of our contemporary youth, is that some of our young people are as good as they are. I am quite surprised when I see the environment that is condoned on the part of our citizenship without one protest that our young people are as decent as they are! In these days when we wink at graft and smile at sin. Our young people are not going to be any better than the ideals of perfection they perceive on the part of those from whom they receive their inspiration, for every young person is an idolater, and there is not a heart anywhere in this wide wide world of youths who somewhere has not a hero; every boy under twenty-one and every girl under twenty-one has someone that is their hero, somebody they are looking to and they are saying of that somebody "THERE is the kind of man I want to be," or "THERE is the kind of woman I want to be." And when their hero goes back on them what can you expect of them? When you, who are supposed to be the standards by which youth looks toward the stars, when you collapse, and nothing disturbs or interferes or hurts your sense of right or wrong, so that you smile and pass it by, what can you expect of the psychological reactions that we are practically creating in our youth?

Now there is not a moment in the history of the world, no matter what the degree of civilization was, there has never been a moment when someone in the contemporary life of that particular moment didn't say that those were the worst times the world had ever seen.

I can show you history written at the time of or just subsequent to Herodotus, who was the first historian of the world, and beginning with Herodotus down to the present time, and I will show you in every epoch that the world has ever known, somebody saying "This is the worst and rottenest period of civilization, and the world is coming to an end, and matters are getting worse all the time." Somebody has said that in every age the world has ever known. And the thing that goes with that statement is this other, always associated with it, and I can take you to the Bible, and I will show you in Old Testament times what they thought of some of the youths of their age, and what they had a right to think about them. For I say to you for a high standard of morality there are some youths and some people in the Old Testament that we need not be highly concerned about conserving as standards of character. And that happened a good many thousands of years ago. And I can show you in every single period of history that the world has ever had that somebody in that period stood up and said: "The youths! The youths! The youths are bad, and things are getting worse." I can show you an inscription that was written before the birth of Christ in which it goes on and says that the destruction of this world is coming and it is due to its youth and the world will not last another hundred years. That was two thousand years before Christ was born. And we have a type of mind today that the moment some great tragedy comes, as has just swept throughout the moral world, and has happened in our city today, we have a type of people who say "There you are! There you are! That's what education does for anybody; that's what money does. There you are, they are all alike! What are the young people coming to?" That is the way they wind up. "What are the young people coming to?" They feel because there is some great derangement or twist of the psychic condition,

which is a direct reaction of faulty influences in the life of the individual, they think that all young people are under the same law, and all are going the same way, and the world is going to hell, and they are all bad, and ought to be condemned! For one Leopold and one Loeb I will show you one hundred thousand decent boys! (Continued applause).

That is the point that people never think of. Measuring all by the one, so that education has to suffer today as a result of certain things that the layman knows nothing about, the psychological forces and the relationship between psychic forces over the moral, until when the harmony is broken and wrong psychic influences exist there is a collapse of moral values. The educated brain has nothing to do with it. The same thing has happened where the man has not been able to read or write. The mere fact of culture has nothing to do with it, any more than the fact of money has nothing to do with it. There are similar crimes from the homes of poverty. These things that we think of in our attitude toward crime are entirely beside the issue. There are deeper reasons, more fundamental premises upon which the psychologist and the man who knows the relationship of psychical forces, understands. When the conscience collapses and the will is gone education never can save anybody! (Applause).

And the mere fact of culture or the mere fact of a keen brain has nothing whatever to do with an antagonism against culture or against education.

Sin is no respecter of a trained mind, nor does it necessarily follow that even our beliefs vitally influence our moral conduct. Not at all. The relationship between religion and conduct is one that the student of philosophy and the student of psychology can point at understandingly to examples in the history of the race, which are startling in the lack of unity and lack of understanding. If we take into consideration that we are creating unseen psychological influences by which the youth of our country are beginning to express themselves, then the task of our individual responsibility becomes all the greater .

Now, what is an educated man? What is education? In the first place, education is not an accumulation of facts. That is knowledge. Knowledge is an accumulation of facts. And the mere fact that man may know fifteen languages may mean that a man may not be educated at all. The mere fact that a man might know all there is to know about the science of botany does not mean that man is an educated man at all. Some of the biggest ignoramuses I have ever met have been fools with an accumulation of knowledge, but no one would ever claim that they were educated people. Education is a far different thing than an accumulation of knowledge.

As Dr. Eliot, who for forty years stood at the head of Harvard University, has defined Education to be that process by which man develops a complete expression of the highest there is in life. In other words, the truly educated man is the man who has an accumulation of knowledge, who knows facts, but, at the same time has put himself in a position to be susceptible to every instinct that makes him a harmonic expression of human life. Or, in other words, the educated man is the man who has paid attention to the psychical forces as well as the intellectual forces, and to the physical relationship, as well as to the spiritual and intellectual. In other words, the educated man is the composite character of man, and any influences which does not contribute to the development of my entire being is not, in the highest sense of the word, an educational process. And too many people develop the intellect at the expense of their morals, and too many people develop the moral life at the expense of the intellectual and become religious fanatics, and neither one are especially attractive. Life must be looked at in terms of unity.

Now when we come to some outstanding collapse like that which has swept through the world today, we make some very starting discoveries that verify exactly what I have said, and it is this verification in the attitude toward youth that I mean to be understood.

I had a father attending the exercises of a graduating class, last Friday night, in Defiance, Ohio, come up to me, after I had spoken to a class in which his boy was a member, a splendid class of over one hundred. He said "My boy is through High School, and he is never going another step further." And I said to that father "Why?" He said "You have an example in Chicago of what education will do for a boy!"

And this same thing has swept throughout this nation. It has been the severest blow to a certain type of mind that a trained education for a boy or girl has had to face.

But when we get back in the background of certain things we can find an explanation for certain things always. And you will discover in this particular case, which is tragic to the extreme, and I don't want to minimize this thing; the whole thing belongs in the laboratory; it belongs in the realm of science; it is the greatest manifestation of the collapse of conscience and at the same time a bankruptcy of will that I have ever known in all my history. And yet, what can you expect from a youngster that never tied his own shoes until he was fourteen? What can you expect from a youngster that never had one day in the Public School? Whose whole sense of social values has been twisted, and the direct reaction of the twisting of those social values has been a collapse of the will! (Applause).

And the moment my will and my conscience don't work with my brain, my brain will never save me from a moral collapse.

That is the whole point.

The moment my conscience and the moment my will, these two things, conscience and will, so that there are not a thousand voices rising within me that cry with the siren cry "Don't. Don't! You must not. Stop!" and associated with the cry of that voice a great will, which, when it hears that cry says "Stop!" and the will says "Stop," and these two together stop you, when the time comes that I haven't a conscience, my moral psychological perception of conscience means nothing due to the fact that I never had any great responsibility, and when it is a fact that my will is gone, then no amount of culture and no amount of education can save me! And that is why I believe education ought to influence and ought to be a great factor and there ought to be opportunities in education for every youngster to have a course of discipline in conscience and in will. Our young people today need schooling, not so much in accumulation of facts called "knowledge" as they need to acquire such responsibity that their will and their conscience will speak to them authoritatively. That is the mark of Character. And that is precisely what has happened! Precisely that, and nothing more!

You know it is a mighty good thing for a youngster to have—not too early, but if it can be properly regulated, play and work. It ought to be rather early. I had a Church in the summer when I was sixteen, preaching. I would not want every boy to be without any youth. As I had no youth. I am an old man now when I ought to be just starting! (Laughter). All tired out, weary, when some folks are just beginning. I gave a graduating address to a class of a theological seminary where there were students in that class that were just being ordained ministers that are older than I am. They are just getting started. It did something to me.

So I am advocating that youth get a responsibility, but not too early, but I think it is a mighty good thing that parents entertain toward their youngsters, early in the career of those youngsters

that they have their own little responsibilities and obligations to meet and that they be held to those responsibilities, and the quicker parents start the better for their children. I don't mean you should make old men and women out of them. Nobody ought ever to make old men and women out of children, no matter how old they get! (Laughter and applause). That is not the point at all. But, for instance, let me illustrate in a very homely way. When I was a little lad at home there were two jobs that were always mine. The first was to keep the wood box filled—I don't know if you city folks know what that is (Laughter). But the first job was to keep the wood box filled, and the next job was to keep the reservoir filled—And I know by the way you sit there with a perfect blank that you don't know what it means to fill a reservoir. But in the country we had to have wood-stoves, and in the back of those wood-stoves there is a water-tank that we call a reservoir.

Now if Mother or Father ever discovered that either one of those things were empty (laughter) I had an engagement with Dad right off, because my Father was the type of man that was the boss, and Mother was the bossee! And occasionally there would be a conflict of authority, but not very often. But that was my little responsibility. And do you know that it was not very long before that was second nature. I had plenty of time to play, plenty of time to skate, plenty of time to go hickory-nutting, plenty of time to do all those things, but I also had a responsibility. And that was my task, and I want to say to you that I would not have taken out of my life today the training that I got in that old fashioned farm home for all this world, and that is what our youth needs today more than they need anything else. (Applause).

Your young people need a certain sense of responsibility, and their responsibility for certain things, and they ought to be held to it. Another thing is they ought to learn early the value of a dollar, and not think that it can be expressed in terms of blood.

Horace Greeley said once,—the truest thing that ever was said, and I have thought of it a thousand times lately. Horace Greeley said this: "The darkest hour in any young man's life is when he sits down and contemplates how to get a dollar without honestly earning it."

Was he right? Was he right? And yet sometimes the examples these lads have set in front of them on the part of folks, from the top to the lowest—what are we to expect of them? That is the point I started with.

Didn't I see a man short-change a woman the other day, selling her a newspaper, and deliberately short-changing this woman! And I stepped up to this news-agent and said "Now why did you do that?" And he kind of looked at me as though I was sticking my nose in something not my business,—and it wasn't, but I am interested in reactions and I said "Why did you do that?" And he looked at me, and said "They are getting theirs. They are doing it from the highest to the lowest, and I am going to get mine while the getting is good."

Is there any danger in a situation that can be expressed in terms of that sort? That "they are all doing it" and because they are anybody is licensed to do the same thing.

And so for the sons of today, I hold a brief for you; I hold a brief for the youth of today. They have my deepest and most abiding sympathy that the young people are expressing themselves in an age that is not very definite in its reactions against the things that are wrong, and that our young people today, because of that situation, our young people have an unusual task, and an unusual responsibility, but if for one moment I lost faith in the maturity of this youth into positions of leadership what would there be worth living for? Nothing. Do you know what the average age of our president is? Fifty-five.

What does that mean? It means that somewhere in America today there is a lad of fifteen years who forty years from today will be president. That lad somewhere today, fifteen. He is alive now; he is somewhere in our life today, fifteen. Just a lad, and forty years from today we will elect him president. Somewhere today there is a lad twenty-one who will vote for the first time in a presidential campaign this fall. Somewhere there is a lad twenty-one that in twenty-five years will be our president.

What have we to anchor to, except our youth? Some of these older folk have made a failure of it, haven't they? There is not any particular encouragement from them, is there?

No. The hope of tomorrow is in the youth of today, and everything must be done by you and me to safe-guard them, and to give them the right sort of training, whether they like it or not. It must be done for their own good. (Applause).

Every little while they think we are pretty harsh; and every little while we are accused of that and this, and of not understanding; every little while they cannot see the reason for it; but that is what is the matter with youth.

Youth cannot reason things out in the light of experience. Youth at times is rather intolerant. But, of course, with youth maturity is almost always wrong. And that is the thing we have to stand. Don't condemn them, because they could not be anything else. They have to know a little bit more than the rest of us, and they must have a little better judgement. I never knew as much in my life as I did the night I graduated from High School. There was not a thing I didn't know. I knew what's the matter with Capital and Labor, and I settled the problem. There was not anything I didn't know. I was graduated from High School and I was not sixteen until the following fall, but I was a graduate of a High School! About as smart as anybody in the world! (Laughter.)

Well, now, that was all right. You have to look at youth. That is part of their attraction. But through it all there must be sufficient severity, that in spite of their own feelings in the matter, you with your matured judgment will sit tight and hold the reins. (Applause).

That's what is the trouble with our parents! (Applause).

Youth! They will get awful mad. They won't like it. They will pout. —And what is more beautiful than to see a girl of fifteen or sixteen who thinks she knows more than her mother, beginning to pout? (Laughter.) Why, that is part of their charm. Or a scrapping youngster, a young colt of a boy, all hands and feet, standing up and with superior dignity say that "Dad doesn't understand." (Laughter). Why, that is a part of their charm. But, God bless you fathers and mothers, you who love them, you whose hearts are wrapped around them; you mothers who gave that life out from your own hearts, and watched it grow and mature, you folks, you must be the ones that in those precious formative years must teach those young people a sense of responsibility, and if you detect for one moment that their conscience and their will are becoming weakened—Danger! There is danger ahead. Danger ahead when the conscience is weakened!

Let me tell you the saddest thing that came into my life this week. A man came to me, a father—and my heart never bled for anybody as it did for that father. He said "Dr. Bradley, I have a lad seventeen years old, and he said, 'Do you know we sat down to dinner the other night, and instead of my boy reacting with his whole soul and spirit that it was a crime and was wrong, and that they ought to be punished commensurate with a sense of justice, instead of getting that attitude from my boy, what do you suppose he said?'" His tears were rolling down his cheeks when he told me. "He told us where he thought they were weak in their alibi, and how they might have got-

ten away with it after all!" That boy and that father are in this Church. And there is the reaction of a boy seventeen years old against this thing. Rather than having his conscience and his will aroused, he is explaining the weakness of an alibi.

Is that significant? Is that significant? I think it is.

So if that boy's will begins to weaken, and you detect a lack of conscience,—Danger!

You have a big problem, father; you have a big task, mother.

How much of it is a psychological reaction is for you to determine.

I would know what I would do with a boy or girl that had that twist. The quicker I got them out of Chicago the better. I would take them far, far away, and I would not give them any special attention. I would not coddle them. I would not give them special consideration. I would get into some small community where that boy and girl would have to work their way through, and develop will and develop responsibility in order to save them.

But I have discovered that a lot of young folks have a pretty fine sense of moral values, and what you can do with them if you only work together with them.

That sometimes happens, doesn't it? And what you fathers and mothers are missing! What you are missing by letting these youngsters grow away from you, and letting them get all their philosophies and all their theories of life from their own groups. That is the mistake. Our young people ought not to be getting their theories of life from their own groups. That's what's the matter. They need you and they need me. And the moment they grow away from us, so that contact is not felt, then we are on dangerous ground too.

If we had more fathers who were not so busy making money and who had not grown away from their lads, and who had spent as much time with their boys as they had in their counting offices we would have less trouble in this world today. (Applause).

If we had more men who thought more of good lives than of dollars, some of our troubles would not be so many.

So to you graduates today, you youngsters—Oh, what a charm there is about the word "youth." Youth, you haven't any past. Age is nothing but past. But with you there is no past. Yours is all tomorrow. And the page is white. White! You are going to write a record there. There is a father who has worked for you and he has made it possible for you to get an education; there is a mother who has worked for you and she has made it possible for you to get through High School or the University this month. They have been speculating on you, and you haven't any right, you haven't any moral right to ever do a thing that will bring a stain upon that name that has never had a blemish on it. You, youth, you haven't a right, and if you do you are ingrates! You have no right to mar or scar and blemish a name that was given you by your father and your mother, a name that was honored amongst men and women of the earth! Keep it. Keep that name clean. Keep it pure, so that when men hear the name it will be synonymous with Honor and Decency and Love. Go, on do the world's work.

You may have to preach a sermon some day. The Board of Trustees of this Church are going to come to some man somewhere, some young man, and they are going to ask him to step into this pulpit and take my place; some day there is a book that has to be written, a field to be toiled scientifically, laws to be written, justice to be administered, great industries to be protected and conserved, manufacturies, some great necessities of life; somewhere there is the world's work to be done—and we are through some of us, almost through. You are just beginning. We delegate to you these tasks, and as we do we plead, beg of you in the name of God, that you will keep your Will firm and your Conscience at work. (Continued Applause).

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Pantheon Theater
4650 SHERIDAN ROAD, CHICAGO.
Sundays—10:30 A M.

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"ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER?"

It is a deep felt apology that the editor of "The Liberal" makes for the lateness of the July number. Several circumstances contributed to the delay. The manuscript was about half finished for the printer when the typewriter upon which it was being written refused to function. Knowing the compositor's aversion to long hand I felt that the work ought to be finished on the machine. The manuscript was being prepared on an island, twelve miles from a railroad. The nearest city where repairs could be made was Duluth, a hundred miles away. The machine was duly dispatched and at this writing may be in the bottom of the Lake for all the editor knows. I promised in the July number to print the last sermon delivered in June. I supposed that the manuscript was shipped from Chicago in a box of books. Such was not the case and it did not arrive at the study until yesterday, (July 27th). I have received several letters and telegrams concerning the delay. Virtually this entire number was written in long hand and if any reader is familiar with the handwriting of the editor further delay can be explained by the publishers. A special boat carried the completed manuscript away from Black Duck Island on its way to Chicago. I ask your pardon and assure you that the copy for the August number will be in hands of the publisher not later than August tenth. I am planning to make the August number the best number yet published. If you desire to become a regular subscriber will you kindly send your name and the subscription price of one dollar per year to the Business Manager, Mrs. P. E. Goold, 919 Sheridan Road, Chicago. Subscriptions are coming in from various parts of the country. Why not, if you are already a subscriber take out a subscription for a friend? Every dollar, except the cost of mailing goes into the general fund of The Peoples Church.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRA-ORDINARY!

The plans for the Choir outing are completed.The choir will go to Sylvan Beach Hotel, at Channel Lake, Antioch, Illinois, Wednesday, September 3rd and stay until after the Vesper Service Sunday, September the 7th. Dr. Bradley will return for the Vesper Service and will speak at the great out-of-door service on "The Religion of the Out-of-Doors." Members of of the Church and Congregation who wish to accompany the choir on their outing may do so by communicating with Mr. Roth, of the Sylvan Beach Hotel, who will furnish rates, for the full or part time as may be desired. Mr. C. K. Anderson at Wabash 6692 or 208 S. LaSalle will also be pleased to furnish information. The choir will hold a recital on the lawn of Mr. Anderson's summer home, near the hotel, Saturday evening September 6th, at which the Churches of Antioch will be the guests.

It is very much desired that those of our members who have automobiles, who find it convenient, will place them at the disposal of Mr. Nathan Ladenson, 6920 Sheridan Road, phone Sheldrake 7677, on Wednesday morning September 3rd at 8:00 o'clock, for the purpose of conveying the choir to the lake and also for the return trip after the Vesper Service, Sunday September 7th.

We hope to make the Vesper Service a great event. Dr. Bradley is coming six hundred miles to give the address. Many are already planning to spend the Sunday at Channel Lake. To those who are planning a September vacation why not spend it at Beautiful Channel Lake with the Choir, many interesting events are being planned and a very pleasant time will be had. This announcement will be repeated in the August number of "The Liberal"—Dewitt Durgin Lash—Director.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

The Temple Club has held several social events since the church closed in June. Splendid interest is being maintained and the membership campaign started in the early spring will extend over until Fall. The club is planning a series of programs for the winter that will appeal to the young men and young women of the church. Committees are now at work on fall plans. The younger element of the church are urged to identify themselves with the Temple Club. Information regarding the activities of the club may be secured from Miss Beatrice Jordan 912 Sunnyside Ave., phone Sunnyside 5643. Several of the members plan to attend the Vesper Service conducted by Dr. Bradley, assisted by the Chorus Choir, at the Sylvan Beach Hotel, Channel Lake, Antioch, Illinois, Sunday afternoon September 7th.

CHURCH NEWS

The annual meeting of the Peoples Church, Pantheon Theatre 4650 Sheridan Rd. was held in the West Room, new addition of the Edgewater Beach Hotel the evening of June 9th at 8 p. m. Members of the church gathered in the Marine Room at 6:30 and had dinner together. When President C. K. Anderson, of the Board of Trustees called the meeting together he faced the most largely attended business meeting the church has ever held. The large West Room was filled, extra chairs had to be provided and many were compelled to stand in the hall and at the exits. Reports were read by every officer and chairman of each committee connected with the activities of the church. Each report as it was read was greeted with fervent recognition by the members. With this meeting the church closed its twelfth year of activities under the leadership of

Dr. Bradley. Later in the evening Dr. Bradley was given a unanimous call to serve the church for another year. The various reports, when carefully compared, with any preceeding year verify the assertion that the church had last year the best year in its history. The attendance at the church services was the largest in its history, and after every account had been settled the total assets of the church had been increased by over $1200. The able and efficient manner by which Mr. C. K. Anderson, as President, has conducted the administration of the business affairs of the congregation is exceedingly gratifying. The church has been run on a business basis. Following the reading of the various reports the election of the members to the Board of Trustees took place. The terms of Thos. Manning, C. K. Anderson, and Thos. A. Harrison expired. They were all unanimously re-elected. The members also expressed themselves as desiring a member of the Woman's Club to represent that organization on the Board of Trustees. Mrs. P. E. Goold, was originally elected to the Board for that purpose but she was later elected secretary of the church, and this, together with her duties as the Business Manager of The Liberal has prevented her from active participation in the affairs of the Woman's Club—the organization of which she was the efficient President for several years. Mrs. Goold could not be excelled in her position as secretary of the church. The Nominating Committee nominated Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, the present president of the Women's Club and she was chosen a member of the Board of Trustees of the church. The Woman's Club sent the treasurer of the church this year eleven hundred dollars, being the amount raised at the Annual Bazaar, for the building fund of the church. The spirit of co-operation existing in the church was attested by the presence of the Peoples Church Chorus Choir. The entire membership of the great Choir was present and after the business meeting of the church, rendered several beautiful numbers, under the direction of their Director, Mr. Dewitt Durgin Lash. Mr. Anderson gave an address outlining the plans for the coming year. The climax of the evening was reached as Mr. Anderson in a quiet unassuming and most modest manner simply announced that he had placed in the hands of the treasurer of the church a gift of $10,000 for the Building Fund. The announcement was greeted with great rejoicing. So deep was the appreciation that tears were also visible in the eyes of more than one faithful and loyal worker in the church. When the Board of Trustees retired for the meeting the president called to the chair Mr. W. M. Stickney, vice-president of Stanton Hoit Co., who presided in a most gracious and acceptable manner. Mr. Stickney made an admirable address, which was thoroughly appreciated by the members. Mr. Stickney is one of the loyal supporters of The Peoples Church. The closing address was made by Dr. Bradley on "The Church in the Future." Dr. Bradley closed his address by taking seven minutes in which the members present pledged $2600 as the beginning of the budget for the year. The evening came to a close by a musical number given by the Choir. There were members present who have attended every annual meeting of the church and all agreed that it was the most successful and inspiring annual meeting ever held by the church. A spirit of love and gratitude permeated the entire deliberations. The church closed with a record of the year's work which is a source of justified pride to every friend and member of the church. The annual meeting has never been the occasion for raising of funds and the amount pledged at this meeting only represented the spontaneous action of a few who wanted to crystalize their appreciation at this meeting. The Annual Budget will be raised when the services are resumed in the

fall. The church is marching onward, growing with every year, and we confidently look to the coming year to excel all others. With the broadcasting of the services to the nation, the increased seating capacity of the auditorium, the new platform, the new $125,000 pipe-organ and a choir of 100 voices, The Peoples Church will take its place as one of the great churches of America.

Every member and friend of the church will be interested in the announcement of this issue concerning the outing of the Choir and the Vesper Service to be held at Sylvan Beach Hotel, Channel Lake, Antioch, Ill., on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 7th. The Chorus Choir will sing and Dr. Bradley will give the address. Plan to spend this Sunday at Channel Lake.

Mrs. John Goldman, 922 Montrose Blvd., having spent the winter in Florida was seriously ill with pneumonia since her return. She is now practically recovered and hopes to renew her activity in the church and Woman's Club in the fall.

Mrs. E. W. Smerage, 4741 Beacon st., was operated on for appendicitis June 4th. She is now at her home but will spend the late summer at Fox Lake, Illinois. Both Mrs. Goldman and Mrs. Smerage are very appreciative of the flowers sent them by the Woman's Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, 938 Lawrence av., spent part of June and July at the summer home of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, Arden Lodge, Black Duck Island, Tower, Minnesota. Mr. Harrison is the treasurer of the church. Mr. Harrison is an ardent devotee of angling and succeeded in landing some big catches while on Lake Vermilion. They attended the Fourth of July celebration at Tower, Minnesota, where the features of the day were the address by Dr. Bradley, and an Indian Pow-wow—held by members of the Chippewa tribe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bradley of Linden, Michigan, spent June and July with their son, Dr. Bradley, at Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota. They thoroughly enjoyed their first visit in the north country. Dr. Bradley gave two addresses on July 4th. The first one being given at Cook, Minn., twenty-six miles from Tower. His father and mother drove over with him to hear the address. On the way a large wolf was seen trotting down the road in front of the car being driven by Mayor Herman T. Olson of Tower. They were able to get a fine view of this most elusive animal of the timber. They also saw several deer on the trip.

Dr. Bradley preached in the First Unitarian Church of Duluth the Sunday after services closed in Chicago. The church was filled and extra chairs had to be provided. The pastor, Rev. Adlard, informed him that it was the largest audience that had ever been in the church. Dr. Bradley's subject was, "The Religion of Tomorrow." More and more people everywhere are becoming interested in liberal religious views.

Dr. Bradley gave two addresses on July 4th. At 10 a. m. he spoke at Cook, Minn., and at 1:30 p. m. in Tower, Minn. He has given the address in Tower for seven successive years. Many Chicago people are spending the summer in the Range Country and at Tower he greeted many friends from home.

On the evening of June 30th, Dr. Bradley gave the address at the opening banquet of the New Agate Bay Hotel at Two Harbors, Minnesota. Mr. Thos. Owens, the superintendent of the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad sent his private car, "Vermilion" to Tower for Dr. Bradley and his party. Mrs. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bradley and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Harrison accompanied Dr. Bradley. About 500 attended the banquet. In the afternoon the party was given a harbor trip on

the tug "Edna G." the particular point of interest being the large steel-constructed iron ore docks.

On Thursday, July 24th, Dr. Bradley made two addresses at the Tenth Annual Outing of the Old Settlers' Range Association held at McKinley Park, Lake Vermilion. The requirement for membership in this organization is a twenty years' residence on the Vermilion Range. Over 1000 people attended. The first address was given from the speakers' stand in McKinley Park and the evening address at the banquet held in the gymnasium of the new high school building in Tower.

Dr. J. Morriston Thomas, with Mrs. Thomas and their two daughters , Gwynfa and Mary Frances, of Chicago, are spending the summer at Nedra Lodge, Pine Island, Tower, Minn. Dr. Thomas is the pastor of the Ravenswood Congregational Church. Dr. Thomas was one of the speakers at the Old Settlers' Outing held in McKinley Park on July 24th. He and Dr. Bradley are having many fishing trips together. Dr. Thomas has purchased an island in Lake Vermilion and in the spring will build a summer home.

The annual picnic of the American Legion Posts of the Range Lake Vermilion, on July 20th. was held at Goodwills Landing, Members were present from every Post and Auxiliary. The Commander of the Eight District I. R. Sher also attended. Dr. Bradley gave the address in the afternoon on "America After the World-War."

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley desire to gratefully acknowledge the gift of a picture of the Peoples Church Chorus Choir so graciously presented them by the members of the choir. The picture hangs in the study as a pleasant reminder of the inspiring help the Choir has been in the services of the Church.

SUMMER OUTINGS OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

A series of monthly outings during the summer has been planned for friends and members of our Woman's Club.

On June 25th, the day was spent at the Municipal Pier, and what delightful recreation our women had.

"Backward, turn backward, O time in it's flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight."

It wasn't necessary for the women who attended that picnic of the Woman's Club to sing those lines ere they retired.

Due to the heavy rains of previous days the Jackson Park project was rejected and we chose the sheltered spot of the Municipal Pier.

A real banquet table on the roof garden with thirty-eight about the board was a joy to see. Hence to the playroom where, forgetting all the years that were behind, we played the games of our childhood days with all the vim and earnestness of yesterday. Girls fifty years young rode on the carrousel for the first time.

To carry out Paul's message, we pressed forward by planning an outing at Ravinia, July 17th.

Each absentee was missed. Guests were present who whispered that they will look forward to October when they may "fall into line" and march onward with the Woman's Club of The Peoples Church.

Mrs. C. K. Anderson, wife of the president of the church board of trustees, and herself an earnest and devoted worker in the Woman's Club has very graciously extended an invitation to the Club to spend August fifteenth at their summer home at Channel Lake. Motor busses will be chartered and it is quite unnecessary to say that every woman is looking forward to the August outing with keen and joyful anticipation.

For September a lake trip is in contemplation. The summer committee of arrangements consists of Mrs. R. Richardson, Mrs. H. Thomas, and Mrs. Dora Reynolds.

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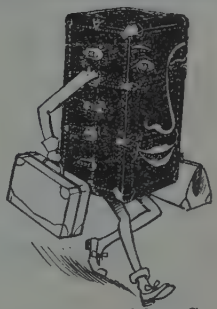

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